

## CHARIVARIA.

MR. SIMS, a Member of the United States House of Representatives, has had his pocket picked on the floor of the House, to which only Members are admitted. This is satisfactory as showing how thoroughly representative the House is.

M. HENRI LEMOINE has not yet carried out his promise of making a diamond as big as a baby's head: but this, we understand, is not really M. LEMOINE's fault—it is due to babies having such large heads.

It now transpires that the gentleman who attempted to shoot Major DREYFUS in the back did so in order to vindicate the honour of the French Army.

The marriageable spinsters of Ecaussinnes, in Belgium, have once more given their annual bachelors' party, and several engagements have ensued; but no sympathy is felt for the young men, as the object of the function was plainly announced.

"The man out of work is a test of his country," says *The Nation* of New York.

"He shows how well its citizens have been trained to meet temporary adversity with an equal mind." Still, we cannot help thinking that the experiment is being made on an unnecessarily large scale in this country.

The accomplishments of thatching and hedging are said to be dying out in agricultural districts. Several influential Members of Parliament are, however, determined to make an effort to prevent hedging, at any rate, from becoming a lost art.

A diary by Mrs. PIZZI fetched no less a sum than £2,050 at an auction-sale at Sotheby's. It is thought that this may lead to a revival of the habit of keeping a diary. There would seem to be money in it.

"It is impossible," says a medical paper, "really to clean the face without soap." For ourselves, we have always found india-rubber unsatisfactory.

We hear that the dog which takes the part of a tiger in the Tiger Hunt scene in the Indian arena has received many invitations to Fancy Dress Balls.

Two African lions in the jungle at Earl's Court suddenly began fighting during a thunderstorm the other day. It is surmised that each accused the other of roaring unnecessarily loud.



Long-suffering Customer. "THANKS—I (pff)—I BRUSHED MY TEETH ONLY THIS MORNING."

It is reported that Miss ALLAN announces her determination to dance in Manchester whether the Watch Committee approve or not, "and she may appear there in a tent." To this, we believe, the Watch Committee would have no objection: it is the costume worn at the Palace which they do not like.

The "Merrie England" movement has received a set-back. A humorist has been fined £20 at the Marylebone Police Court for giving a false alarm of fire.

Much sympathy continues to be extended to Sir HUBERT VON HERKOMER in regard to the wanton insult levelled at him the other day when some burglars broke into his house

at Bushey and made off with a number of pieces of presentation silver, but did not think any of the master's paintings worth stealing.

Despite of this we hear that special precautions are now being taken to safeguard Sir HUBERT's huge painting of the Council of the Royal Academy at Burlington House, and anyone approaching the canvas with a little hand-bag is eyed suspiciously by detectives.

Mrs. STUYVESANT FISH has made a bold bid for unpopularity among the American Smart Set. She announces that she intends this summer to spend the season, not in Newport, but "amid the more dignified surroundings of Europe." In Newport spiteful people are now prophesying that this lady will soon know what it is to be a Fish out of water.

"Under these circumstances Surrey, as the stronger side, won the toss." — *Daily Mail*.

The old tale of the big battalions!

"No," as he flung his arms out to her with a horse cry, "it's no use, my dear one." — *Daily Mail Feuilleton*.

Surely he should have said "Nay."

## Taking our Pleasures Sadly.

"The evening attraction this week at the King's will be 'The Girl Who Wrecked His Home.'" — *Referee*.

Notice in a West End shop:—

"Wanted, a respectable boy within."

Another proof that outward appearances are not everything.

## Catch-as-Catch-Can Notes.

"The Gothic energy, the energy which swept away classicism and started the new free motion, we have that; we have it in the roaring ribs and vaults wrestling together in fixed and stony immobility." — *The Morning Post*.

Our money on the roaring ribs, please.

### A VISION OF FAIR WOMEN.

Go, wretched scoffer, you who point your thumb  
At Woman panting in the Suffrage-chase,  
And deem her thirst for votes is due to some  
Deficiency of face;

Who 've seen her only as a Kodak guy,  
In attitudes inimical to charm,  
Pendent from area-rails or rumbled by  
Robert's coercive arm;

Go, sirrah, seek the Tube and let your eyes  
Gaze on the noblest placard-sheet of all  
(Not even "White Man" WALLER occupies  
A larger slab of wall);

There you shall find—the catalogue is free—  
A gallery of women pioneers  
Taken in full repose; and you will be  
Surprised, almost to tears.

And on your knees you 'll limp across the line  
(Mind the live rail!) and, leaning humble brows  
Against the poster, as it were a shrine,  
Pay your repentant vows;

And swear that, if they need your moral aid  
(Though but a man's) in Hyde or any Park,  
For Beauty's cause you 'll willingly be made  
The object of remark. O. S.

### THE HOUSE WITH THE HIGH WALLS.

It was the first house I had come upon for miles; a high brick wall separated it from the lonely road, but I could see it through a pair of rusty scroll-work gates—a large gloomy old mansion, with projecting wings. An elderly gardener was mowing the neglected grass-plot in the centre of the drive, and on this plot stood a large board. I could not read what was on it from the bank on the other side of the road, and I felt much too lazy just then to get up and go near enough to do so. For it was a sultry afternoon, I had had a long tramp, and was glad to find a shady tree under which I could lie down and rest for a while. But I had not lain there long before I saw that the old man had come through the gate and crossed the road.

"I observe, sir," he said, addressing me, "that you are looking at this Institution. I am the Superintendent, and I shall be pleased to take you over it and show you the inmates, if you will allow me."

He was still carrying his scythe, but he had a venerable white beard, and, even before he spoke, I knew that he could not be the gardener. I thanked him and explained that I had not time just then to accept his offer.

"Nonsense," he said peremptorily; "you had much better come—it will be a useful experience for a professional humourist like yourself."

I never quite like being called a professional humourist—it seems to imply a certain reproach. But, after all, it happens to be the way I earn my living, so I couldn't very well resent it, though I had not supposed I bore the stamp of my calling so visibly upon me. And somehow I yielded and found myself inside the gates with him on the drive.

"It is a Private Asylum, I suppose?" I said.

"Hardly that," he replied, "though it is true that some of my patients—but we prefer to call it a Retreat, a kind of Convalescent Home."

"For whom?" I enquired.

"You have eyes," he said somewhat impatiently. "Why don't you look at the board there?" I looked and read this inscription:—

### HOME OF REST FOR AGED OR DESTITUTE JOKES.

(Supported entirely by Voluntary Contributions.)

You may imagine I was surprised, but I was not. I had often wondered where all the old jokes went to. Now I knew. I followed my guide through a dim old hall, and out upon a terrace at the back, overlooking spacious grounds surrounded by fine trees—mostly chestnuts, as, indeed, one might have expected.

"You will find most of them here," he said. And there they were—jokes of all ages in every stage of poverty, sitting listlessly in the shade or crawling feebly about in the sun, like so many belated November blue-bottles. I cannot describe their appearance more precisely; but most people recognise an old joke when they come across one. And so did I. The rest I must leave to your imagination, merely remarking that I have seldom seen a more pathetic spectacle. Many of them, poor as they seemed now, had, so my conductor informed me, entertained Saxon earls, Norman nobles, and barons, and even Tudor monarchs in their time, for they were rich jokes in those days. But, like all favourites, they had allowed themselves to grow too familiar; and a joke that once forgets itself is naturally soon forgotten. Though it seemed that even the oldest of these had a chance of coming into their own again, for I was told that a popular music-hall comedian had generously undertaken to find employment for several of them in one of his new "turns."

"Perhaps," suggested my informant, "you yourself might be disposed to—?" But I got out of that by asking him who were the creatures like uncouth overgrown lads who were languidly chasing one another about the grounds with a ghastly affectation of gaiety.

"Street jokes," he explained; "their day is over, poor things, though they don't know it. They will never go outside these walls any more."

Now I came to look at them I found I knew several quite well. There were, "How's your poor feet?", "I'll 'ave your 'at!", little "Woa, Emma," and "Get your 'air cut," and many others I had missed for years. I thought they were dead—however, they might just as well have been.

"But now," said the proprietor, "let me show you some cases which I don't despair of restoring to public usefulness yet. You see that one lying face downwards on the lawn? Well, it was brought out by a nervous man at a stiff dinner-party, and fell perfectly flat. But with ordinary care and encouragement you would be surprised to find how well it would go. Now don't you think you could—?" I explained that, being of a nervous temperament myself, I really could not undertake the responsibility.

"Ah, well," he said, "here is another—a most excellent joke. It came out quite unexpectedly from the Bench only the other day. I forget if it was in a Police Court or a Law Court—but one of the two. Unfortunately no one saw it—not even the constable or usher—and so it never got into any of the papers. A failure at present—but it only requires another chance."

It was a good joke, but unfortunately, as I pointed out, quite unsuited to my particular purposes. Too subtle.

"Then how about this one?" he persisted, indicating a hydrocephalous-looking little thing that was strutting



### THE HEIR PRESUMPTIVE.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT (*to* WILLIAM H. TAFT, *his candidate for the Presidency*). "THERE, SONNY, I'VE FIXED YOU UP SO THEY WON'T KNOW THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN US."







### A COUNSEL OF PERFECTION.

"EGG-SPOONS, ANNIE! EGG-SPOONS! WHEN YOU LAY EGGS, ALWAYS LAY SPOONS TOO!"

conceitedly past us. "Its one ambition is to get into *Punch*, and it has been considered quite good enough to do so by a parent whose standard of humour is so high that very few jokes have ever really amused him. I thought if you happened to know the Editor——"

I *did* know the Editor, and I intimated very decidedly that I could not dream of introducing such a joke as that to him: it would be as much as my place was worth.

"You are the best judge, of course," he said stiffly. "Perhaps you would prefer to adopt an anecdote? That one over there in the corner has been attributed to many of our most celebrated wits. SWIFT, SHERIDAN, CHARLES LAMB, THEODORE HOOK, SYDNEY SMITH have all had to bear the responsibility for it in their time—so surely *you* need not be ashamed of it. It has been an orphan for years now, so a fresh career is open to it."

That might be; but I excused myself. I could never feel any real pride in fathering so aged an anecdote. The Medical Superintendent still went on pressing me. Of course from *his* point of view he was quite justified in trying to find suitable openings for his various charges; but my patience became exhausted at last.

"I don't think you quite understand," I told him, with quiet dignity. "These old jokes—whatever their merits—are really of no use in *my* kind of work. I may be a professional humourist, but I flatter myself that my jokes, such as they are"—(this was irony, not modesty, for, between ourselves, I was far from being ashamed of them)—"are at least my own. So I will take up no more of your valuable time."

He seemed to feel the rebuke, for he led me back into the hall without a word. There he stopped at a door.

"I have no more to show you," he said, "unless you would care to see the cases in here. They are not particularly interesting—quite too hopelessly imbecile to be at large. I should not venture to suggest your adopting any of *them*."

I looked in, simply to oblige him, as he appeared to wish it. And the next moment I fled from that grim house in horror, for the inane idiotic jokes I had seen in that chamber of oblivion were mine—all, all mine! And, bitterest blow of all, they were those I had considered my very best!

I found myself lying on the bank once more, with the old man's malicious laughter, as he bowed me out, still ringing in my ears. Presently, pulling myself together, I rose and went to the old gates to have another look at that board. But all I read was, "This Desirable Mansion To Be Let or Sold." The elderly gardener (whose beard, I now saw, was not so very long) was still mowing.

"'Ad a tidy ole nap over theer, eh, Mister?" he said, with a senile chuckle. "I 'ope it 's done ye good, I 'm sure!"

I suppose it had; but, all the same, a dream of that sort is a little unfair on a professional humourist. So disheartening!

F. A.

### Apportioning the Blame.

"Owing to a printer's error, Mr. Evett was credited in yesterday's issue with the part of the Vicomte in *The Merry Widow*, instead of Mr. Talleur Andrews."—*Daily Telegraph*.

A silly slip these printers are always making.

### THE FORCE OF EXAMPLE.

MR. FRANK STAYTON'S mediæval play,  
Styléd—for a reason which appears  
anon—  
*The Two Pins*, and—for no apparent  
reason—  
Written throughout in rich blank  
verse (like this),  
Was given at the Aldwych Theatre  
By Mr. ASCHE and spouse the other  
night,  
Before a most distinguished company  
(Including me).

But let us to the plot.  
The mighty Lord of Knoden, *Philip*  
hight,  
Insults (or so 'tis thought) the Lord  
of Valma,  
*Rudolph* yclept, whereon the latter  
cries,  
In good blank verse as was the  
fashion then,  
"For two pins I would go and pull  
his nose."  
Thereupon *Philip* without more ado  
Forwards two pins per special mes-  
senger;  
And *Rudolph*, having received the  
same, and having  
Expressed his feelings in some more  
blank verse,  
Such as "Two pins! He sends two  
pins! Two pins!"  
Girds on his sword and sallies forth  
to Knoden  
And, *coram populo*, pulls *Philip's*  
nose—  
("Help! Help! He's got be by  
the dose! Help! Help!")

*Philip* was not unnaturally annoyed,  
Yet did not rise and call for satis-  
faction  
From *Rudolph*, who was spoiling for  
a fight.  
For since the latter was a tender lad,  
While *Philip* was—well, Mr. OSCAR  
ASCHE,  
A fight would be unfair, especially  
As *Philip* would insist on all the gate.  
Instead, he had his enemy disarmed  
And cast into a dungeon, with the  
promise  
That on the morrow he should be  
returned,  
Honeyed and feathered and seated  
on an ass . . .  
UNLESS—(Exactly! What about Miss  
BRAYTON?)  
UNLESS his sister, *Lady Elsa*, came  
And begged for mercy on her knees.

(Dear friends,  
I fear I must not keep this up much  
longer.  
There comes a time in the blank  
verse of men  
When it is suddenly borne home to  
them

That if they do not stop it jolly soon  
They'll never, never, never stop  
at all.

Let me remember Mr. FRANCIS  
STAYTON,  
And hurry to the end. We've two  
more Acts.)

She came, he saw, she conquered.  
Rough *Lord Philip*  
A ready victim falls to lovely *Elsa*,  
And she to him. *Rudolph* returns on  
horse  
Unhoneyed, and but very slightly  
feathered.

Some tender and ingenious scenes  
ensue  
Between the lovers. Then the cur-  
tain drops.

I should have said, but quite forgot  
to, that  
When first fair *Elsa* enters Knoden's  
halls



HEAVY WEIGHT AND FEATHER WEIGHT.

*Philip* . . . Mr. Oscar Asche.

*Rudolph* . . . Mr. Vernon Steel.

She is disguised in armour as a man.  
I knew at once she really was a  
woman;

And *Philip* knew it later, when he  
cried:

"A rat! A rat!"—to quote another  
play

Whose lines are also done in equal  
lengths.

Well, to sum up. It is a pleasant  
play—

Romantic, pretty, sometimes hu-  
morous;

There's Mr. ASCHE, who looks mag-  
nificent,

Miss BRAYTON, too, who looks most  
beautiful;

Both quite at home, and seeming to  
enjoy it.

The scenery and incidental music  
(Observe that priceless line—it  
sounds like WORDSWORTH—

Or Mr. STAYTON, but is quite my  
own)

Are charming. Mr. COURTICE POUNDS  
sings finely.

I did not mention him before because  
He does not come into the plot at all;  
Only, whenever things are slack, one  
says:

"What about asking dear old POUNDS  
to sing?"

The which he does. If you should go  
with friends,  
And clap in unison, you'll get an  
encore.

So much for that. Now turning to  
the Commons,

My views upon the Old Age Pensions  
Bill

Are briefly these. I—What? . . .  
Oh! very well. M.

### NEPHELOCOCYGIA.

[In order to compete as here in an aerial  
steeplechase, for which he offers a prize, the  
Hon. C. S. ROLLS has had a specially diminutive  
balloon named the *Imp* built for him. "This,"  
he states, "will enable me to conduct many  
manœuvres which my pursuers will be unable  
to outwit. I can hide in a cloud and then  
descend or ascend rapidly when I am dis-  
covered."]

EVEN more interesting, however,  
than this Puckish cross-cirrhii com-  
petition will be the Hurlingham Sky  
Gymkhana, announced for June 31st,  
in connection with the Olympic  
Games.

Here, besides ordinary events in  
aerostatics, such as the long and  
high flights, putting the sandbag,  
climbing the greased lightning, etc.,  
there will be the following attractive  
items on the card:—

THE LARK RACE.—At a given signal  
the competitors inflate their balloons,  
leap on board, burst into song, soar  
rapidly to a fixed point in the welkin  
and then as rapidly drop to earth  
again.

THE BUTTERFLY CONTEST.—This  
particularly graceful feat of volitation  
will take place over a settled course  
among the roofs of South Kensington  
and Chelsea, the object being to  
collect as large a number of tiles,  
sky-signs and chimney-pots as pos-  
sible before returning to the starting-  
point.

This will be followed by a game of  
Parachute Polo, which is much like  
Parlour Piladex, but more difficult;  
and the proceedings will terminate  
with

A GRAND JOUST.—In this mimic  
combat each aeronaut will be pro-  
vided with a long spiked pole, and  
endeavour to puncture the periphery  
of his opponents' gas apparatus by  
charging at full tilt, upon the sound  
of a trumpet. The prizes will be  
wreaths of everlasting.

### THE MAN IN THE FRONT ROW.

At first I said, "It is a coincidence." He was a three-shilling ticket-holder at Hither Green on Tuesday—a "front row" at West Kensington (I was giving my humorous and dramatic entertainment) on Wednesday—"a reserved and numbered" at Harrow-on-the-Hill on Friday.

Then I discovered him behind a bank of palms at Basingstoke.

"There is more in this than meets the eye," I said. "He is doing it for a wager."

But at Bishop's Stortford and Potter's Bar he led the applause.

Now if he *were* really doing it for a wager he would look grim and determined—he would, in short, show that he was performing a feat of endurance. Instead of which he *encored* my "Village Concert." The "wager" hypothesis fell to the ground.

"There must exist between us an unaccountable psychologic correlation," I told myself. "Perhaps in a former state of existence we may have been corner men in the same minstrel troupe, and conceived a mutual passion for one another's jokes."

After this I began to look out for him. Each evening, before commencing my performance, I would cast one reassuring glance along the front row. He never failed me. Of course it was gratifying to know that one out of those mildly-applauding hundreds had paid his two-and-six, not out of charity, not because the Dramatic Society's secretary happened to be *her* brother, but solely to see and hear *me*. Still I often thought I could have managed my entertainment better (the jokes, especially) were he, let us say, in the shilling seats. It was like this. I open up with desultory attack on piano. Applause—in three places. I bow and thank audience effusively. Roars of laughter. So far—good! Now I leave the music-stool and step towards the Winter Gardens, very carefully polishing my monocle. This creates the atmosphere necessary for my "cab-horse" story. "By the way," I begin, and the Man in the Front Row takes out his handkerchief, "as I was driving here to-night" (he is chuckling) "I had rather a curious ——" And there is that silly idiot roaring with laughter. My cab-horse story is a miserable fiasco. I start another. Halfway through, just when the shilling seats are beginning to sniff the air, I catch sight of —



### THE NEW "SPOONERISM."

"I SAY, WHAT'S THE USUAL TAX FOR A TIPSY CAB?"

Have you, dear reader, ever told the same joke to the same man thirty-five times? The first day you start off in the pink of condition, and let him have it twice on the way to the station. Second day you run over the main points in the City and again at the club. Third day, ring him up on the telephone, and fire it off three times in rapid succession before the girl at the Exchange realises the situation. Fourth day, take him for a long country walk, feel in your pocket for the bottle of chloroform, and—this will make eight times. You will now begin to realise *my* feelings.

After his hundredth appearance I decided to cut out the "Village Concert" from my repertoire. There

were parts—the curate's comic song, for instance—that I simply loathed. Besides, when a man has heard the same thing fifty or sixty times—

After the elimination of this popular feature, my engagements fell off, and we did not see quite so much of one another. Sometimes I "rested" for half a week. This gave him a rest, too, during which he seemed to gather fresh energy.

Before my hundred-and-fiftieth performance came round I said, "Something must be done." I was growing nervous and absent-minded. Quite frequently I would begin a story and forget the finish.

Should I denounce him to the audience one night? Hang it all, in these days of confederates "in front" they



would think it part of my show. They would expect him to jump up and request me to "Come back to your home in Baltimore." If only I could prevail on his good nature to stop away every other performance.

When I broached the subject he said he couldn't hear of it. He had grown so used to my entertainments that he couldn't—he simply couldn't—live without them.

One night (his 189th) he had the front row all to himself.

He wanted three hundred down. I offered him a pound a week for life. (I think my "Village Concert" had told on his health rather.) He accepted. Said he was going to settle down in the country, and write another of the "Secrets of Success" series.

Something very strange about that woman in brown and green. Last night at Leighton Buzzard, to-night at Canning Town, three days ago at—Heavens! and there may be others in the gang!

#### GILDING THE GOLDEN DOME.

(With compliments to "The Daily Mail.")

WONDERFUL as is the whole congeries of "cloud-capped towers and gorgeous palaces" that enchant the eye at the White City, no visitor who is asked his opinion as to the most ravishing spot in the whole exhibition can hesitate for a moment in making his award. One and all plump immediately for the Golden Dome of the Dairy Pail Butter-nut Factory. From dawn to eve hundreds of millions of fascinated spectators crowd to watch the revolving arms of the indefatigable machine as it churns the yellow paste, mingles it with refined sugar, and pulls it into that luscious compound which has cemented our mighty Empire and glutinized the *Entente Cordiale* itself.

All the milk is produced by the Dairy Pail's exclusive cows, and imported at prodigious cost from the Dairy Pail Model Farm: whilst the sugar is the most exquisite creation that can be distilled from the maples of Canada, the canes of the West Indies and the beetroot of France. No exhibit, not even the dancing-saloon of the Senegalese village, has achieved so instant and so signal a triumph as the Golden Dome. Prisoners in Wormwood Scrubbs catch a glimpse of it and find their lot endurable; and from a host of rapturous testimonials we cull the following:—

MR. EUSTACE MILES. — "Your butter-nuts are more sustaining than my nut-butter."

THE DUKE OF ARGYLL:—

"From Paris to Perth,  
Where'er you may roam,  
There's no place on earth  
Like the Dairy Pail Dome."

SIR THOMAS LIPTON.—"Incomparable. If I had not already called my last yacht *Shamrock XIV*, I should have named it *Butter-nut I*."

SIGNOR GINISTRELLI.—"The Dome, in point of majesty . . . reminds me of St. Peter's."

MR. IMRE KIRALFY.—"Butter and butter."

#### NEW SITES FOR OLD LANDMARKS.

FIRE by the noble example of Mr. CROKER, who proposes to bring over the Temple of Philae and set it up in Central Park, New York, it is rumoured that Signor GINISTRELLI has determined to commemorate his double victory on the British Turf in such a manner as to bind England and Italy in indissoluble bonds of friendship. The Signor's scheme has a massive simplicity which is all its own. It is to effect a bodily transference of the ancient Coliseum to London, and simultaneously to transport the well-known London music-hall of the same name to the vacant site in the Eternal City. There are, Signor GINISTRELLI frankly admits, considerable difficulties in the way, but with the tactful assistance of Professor WALDSTEIN and Mr. OSWALD STOLL he is sanguine of overcoming them. Meantime the inhabitants of Saffron Hill are unanimous in their enthusiastic support of the project. Mr. HALL CAINE, we understand, approves of the idea subject to certain modifications, the most interesting of which is that the Roman Coliseum should be re-erected in the Isle of Man, in which case he is prepared to offer Greeba Castle to London to fill the gap caused by the removal of Mr. STOLL's palazzo.

MR. HENRY J. WOOD, long renowned for his exertions in promoting and maintaining friendly relations between England and Russia, has put forward an admirable plan for furthering this laudable aim. He proposes that a Mansion House Fund should be started to raise subscriptions for the purchase of the Great Bell of Moscow, with a view to its being permanently installed in Printing House Square under the auspices and protection of its illustrious namesake. Sir DONALD MACKENZIE

WALLACE, cordially supports the scheme, but we regret to learn that *The Daily News* considers it in the light of an unwarrantable concession to Grand-Ducal obscurantism.

The absence of any monumental architecture in Battersea Park has long exercised the teeming brain of that illustrious negro-archæologist Mr. ALGERNON ASHTON. But the enterprise of Mr. CROKER has now inspired him with a really noble plan to remedy this crying need. This is nothing less than the removal of the Pyramids and the Sphinx from Egypt to decorate and embellish the popular transpontine playground. Sir ELDON GORST is giving his most careful consideration to the scheme, which is viewed with the greatest favour by the members of the Cairo Golf Club, who have long resented the presence of the Pyramids as a most unsightly eyesore as well as an unfair hazard on their links.

Canon LYTTLETON, the Headmaster of Eton, writes:—"The theatre of Dionysus at Athens could contain 30,000 spectators, and that at Megalopolis 44,000. These facts are vouched for by the high authority of *Haydn's Dictionary of Dates*, and yet, to our eternal shame, Eton, which now boasts the greatest boy actor in the world, possesses no theatre comparable to those in which the ancient Greeks exhibited their crude and negligible talents. As Eton is not only the largest but the richest public school in the world, it is surely not too much to ask of her *alumni* that they should raise funds for purchasing the Théâtre Français and re-erecting it on the Playing Fields. Such a scheme would not only promote the *Entente Cordiale*, but stimulate the genius of a young Colleger named BILLINGTON-DUCK in whom I have recently discovered a dramatic swan of the first magnitude—in short, a prodigy combining and eclipsing the best qualities of ARISTOPHANES, MOLIÈRE, SHAKSPEARE and SHERIDAN."

The most exciting and picturesque outcome of Mr. CROKER's action, however, is the sporting suggestion of Sir ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE to enhance the glory of the Primrose League and simultaneously add a conspicuous feature to the London landscape by superimposing the Peak of Teneriffe on Primrose Hill. As the famous novelist justly says: "The resources of modern engineering are fully equal to the task. It is only a matter of expense, and if only the support of the Women Suffragists, the Socialist members and the Irish Nationalists can be





MRS. OOFY GOLDBERG AT HOME.

*First Guest.* "I SAY, WHAT RIPPIN' ORCHIDS!"

*Second Guest.* "YES, AREN'T THEY NICE? I GOT 'EM OFF MY SANDWICH—INSTEAD OF PARSLEY, YOU KNOW!"

secured, I am convinced that Mr. ASQUITH will throw himself heart and soul into the movement. The Peak of Teneriffe is only 12,200 feet high, or little more than twelve times the height of the Eiffel Tower, and its removal from the Canary Islands would not impair the commercial stability of that archipelago."

#### A SIGN OF THE TIMES.

##### THE "EVERY WORD" SERIES.

MR. JOHN STRONG begs to announce a new series of stirring novels, which will be inaugurated by a story of powerful emotional interest by the leading lady novelist of the English-speaking world—

##### INTERIA DROSS,

author of the sultriest books of our time. INTERIA DROSS in her forthcoming novel,

##### "NAKED YET UNASHAMED,"

handles with the utmost skill a topic of the profoundest interest to all students of morbid pathology. All the wealth of language, the romantic fervour, the rich imagination that she is possessed of, INTERIA

DROSS has cheerfully devoted to perfecting this great book, not a line of which will it be safe for the prurient reader to skip.

It is advisable to order at once, as an enormous popular demand for *Naked but Unashamed* is confidently anticipated.

The second volume in the "Every Word" series (so-called from the necessity to keep the eye glued to the page for fear of losing anything peculiarly nasty) is a new story by that very popular writer HERBERT EELS, famous for his sensational novel, "THE BAD YOLK."

In his forthcoming romance, which is dedicated to the Sanitary Inspectors and Sewage Boards of England in a charming sonnet, Mr. EELS surpasses himself. Nothing more suggestive has ever been written in English for popular consumption, and so urgent and powerful are some of the episodes that it has been thought advisable to bind the work in asbestos covers. The title is—

##### "UNCLE OR WIDOW?"

and a first edition of 100,000 copies is already exhausted.

The third volume in the "Every Word" series is

##### "A WOMAN INDEED,"

By PAUL SCULDULDERY.

In this novel will be found the remorseless yet tender dissection of a woman by a new writer of astonishing gifts and grip. Certain matters never mentioned in polite society are here treated with the utmost delicacy consonant with perfect frankness.

MR. JOHN STRONG also has much pleasure in announcing

##### "AFTER DINNER STORIES,"

being the reminiscences of a well-known *vieux marcheur* whose name is kept secret for obvious reasons. A hundred furtive grins to every chapter; and there are eighty-five chapters. The volume makes a capital present for boys.

##### The White City Epidemic.

Notice in a Shepherd's Bush restaurant:—

"Café au lait . . . . .	3d.
Café without the 'ait . . . . .	2d."



### "ANY COMPLAINTS?"

"Terrier" (producing fragment of wood discovered in sausage ration). "I DON'T MIND EATIN' THEIR BLOOMIN' DAWG, SIR, BUT I'M BLOWED IF I'LL EAT THE KENNEL TOO!"

### MORE WISE WORDS ON WEDLOCK.

FATHER VAUGHAN TUPPER'S GREAT SERMON.

WE have been fortunate in obtaining the manuscript of the searching and vivid sermon on "Marriage: Its Trials, Failures, and Triumphs," delivered by that inspired yet caustic observer of modern life, Father VAUGHAN TUPPER, at the headquarters of the Mayfair Roman Catholics on Sunday. We print his scathing remarks and profoundly shrewd counsels just as they issued from his lips, but the readers of cold type necessarily lose the fire and spirit of this great and original preacher—his fervour, his sarcasm, his irony.

"Marriage is a lottery. I say it with all caution after hours of thought on the matter. Marriage is a lottery. You *may* get a good wife, you *may* not; and (here I address myself to the ladies), you *may* get a good husband, you *may* not. Yes, my friends, marriage is a lottery. A lottery.

"When a man goes forth to get a wife he should be guided by good sense. He should not choose a showy, flighty, smoking-room girl, but one whom he can admire and respect. If she is beautiful so much the better; but probably he will think her beautiful, and that will do as well.

"I will not say that the man is the superior, or the woman the superior. In every case time will show.

"Men and women are so different that there are almost certain to be moments when they disagree. The fewer and the briefer are these periods of disagreement the happier is the marriage. I say it deliberately—the fewer and the briefer are these periods of disagreement the happier is the marriage.

"Nothing can so assist the husband and wife as good advice. Let me give you some. I am full of it. Also I am by my office a bachelor, and therefore the best judge.

"To the husband I would say: Do not interrupt your wife and say sarcastic things to her. Let her talk on. Give her sympathy. Give her ornaments and clothes, if you can afford them. Love her. Be kind to her.

"To the wife I would say: Don't nag. Don't scold. Don't cry. That husbands dislike tears is a truth that has been borne in upon me. Never mind what other people say, but take it from me that husbands dislike tears. Don't keep a bad cook. Husbands like good dinners. Were I, in fact, to speak in a more vulgar phrase, I might say, at the risk of shocking you by my originality and homeliness, feed the brute. Dress well. Do not be slovenly. See that the house is well kept.

"To put the whole matter briefly, I should say to husbands: Husbands, do not do anything to annoy or disappoint or alienate your wives; and to the wives, Wives, do not lose your husbands' love.

"Only thus can there be happy marriages."

### "RUN OUT, O."

I SHOULDN'T SWEAR? Ah, well, if my Score *were* a score, however small, Then, maybe, less embittered, I Should let no fierce expletives fall—

I shouldn't swear.

But as I didn't get a ball  
(But simply ran a wretched bye);  
And as my partner didn't call;  
And as the umpire told a lie;  
Yes, *as I wasn't out at all*,

Then, d—n it, sir! pray, tell me  
WHY

I shouldn't swear!

"So it has come about that, of an average number of 70,000 East Indian coolies resident on the estates, about 10,000, or 7 per cent., are indentured men."—*Overseas Daily Mail*.

As the writer reasonably said, when the editor protested: "What's the good of the first '7' if it doesn't come in the answer?"



### WHEN DOCTORS DISAGREE.

SICK PEER (*having rung for Family Physician*). "WELL! HAVE YOU THOUGHT OF A CURE FOR ME?"  
DR. PRIMROSE. "NO! WE'RE STILL IN CONSULTATION. YOU JUST GO ON BEING ILL FOR A BIT."

[The Committee (Lord ROSEBERY, Chairman) appointed early in the Session to consider the Reform of the House of Lords has not yet reported.]





## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

*House of Commons, Wednesday, June 10.*—Commons resumed sittings after Whitsun Recess. Lords, exhausted with labours which, commencing at 4.30 in the afternoon, have been known to continue up to 4.45, reasonably extend their holiday.

No unseemly rush for places. Majority of Ministers and ex-Ministers, for once in unity, defer arrival on scene. Example loyally followed above and below gangway. RUTHERFORD raising in Committee of Supply question of wages of Preventive force was supported on Unionist benches by presence of two members. In other parts of House crowd not much denser.

Anxious time for the new Ministerial Whip, who formally enters on his duties to-day. Would never do to begin career with count-out on a Government night when progress with Supply is confidently reckoned on. Happily "JACK" PEASE (so-called because he was christened JOSEPH) is popular on both sides; no one disposed to play pranks at his expense.



THE NEW WHIP OF THE MINISTERIAL PACK.  
(Mr. Jack Pease.)



DIOGENES JOHN.

The Rt. Hon. John Burns delivers (at Ealing) another of his racy straight-talks to Englishmen

Has had considerable experience in the office. Served eight years in the wilderness as Junior Opposition Whip, not dreaming of a time when he would day after day come up to table to announce overwhelming Ministerial majorities with ACLAND-HOOD, long familiar with the practice, relegated to second position on his left hand. C.-B. coming in made him Junior Lord of the Treasury serving as second Whip. Now, still on the sunny side of fifty, he fills the onerous and important post of chief Whip, a well-earned tribute to trained capacity and modest mien.

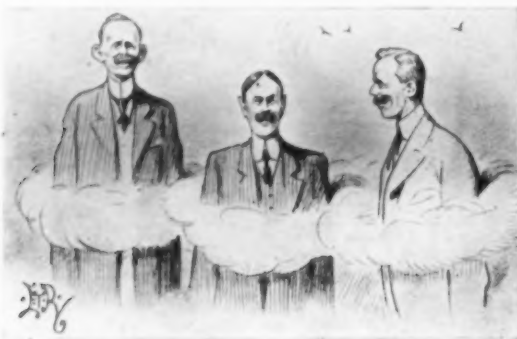
*Business done.*—Quite a lot. Over two million sterling voted in Committee of supply, and Members got off shortly after six o'clock.

*Friday.*—Is whammeling legal? This the question the PRIME MINISTER finds facing him on returning to Westminster. MOLTENO presents it, calling upon him to introduce at an early date "a Bill for the reform of the Fishery Law dealing with the Solway Firth, making it clear that whammeling is legal."

ASQUITH, conscious of being already overburdened, surmises that for the strained back of his Government whammeling would be

the last straw. Still, feels it undesirable to flout Scotland, where of late the course of by-elections has been pleasantly modified. Explains to MOLTENO that case is environed by peculiar difficulties. In the first place, one-half of the Cabinet does not know what whammeling means. CREWE believes it is a fish sauce, and would like CARINGTON to sample it first. BIRRELL suspects it is a Scottish form of cattle driving; whilst MCKENNA, new to his post, is not quite certain, but fancies it is part of a battleship—like a transom, for example.

That the least difficult part of situation. The other half of the Cabinet, taking very strong views on the subject, finds itself hopelessly divided. Compared with the discord, secret or avowed, born of Home Rule or the Education question, whammeling is almost demoniac in its influence among esteemed colleagues. If a Bill were introduced, it would certainly lead to split in the Cabinet. In view of importance of remaining in office long enough to bring in a Reform Bill and clip Unionist opportunity by abolishing plural voting, that would, the PREMIER thinks, be unpatriotic.



## INVESTIGATIONS IN THE UPPER ATMOSPHERE.

While reading the account of the two young lady parachutists who fell from a height of 11,000 ft. it suddenly occurred to our Artist that he never finished the Philipps Brothers, M.P. He now sends in a final instalment with sincere apologies to the gentlemen concerned if he has inadvertently left out any intervening lengths of their anatomy.

(Mr. Ow-n Ph-l-pps, Mr. W-n-f-rd Ph-l-pps, and Col. Iv-r Ph-l-pps.)

All very well; but MOLTENO, while temporarily silenced, is not convinced.

*Business done.*—Second reading of the HOME SECRETARY'S Prevention of Crimes Bill.

## A TALE OF THE UNEMPLOYED.

SCENE—Mayfair.

Mr. Ronald Dalrymple. Her ladyship in?

Weston. Not at home, Sir.

Mr. R. D. Ah, quite so, WESTON. But don't you think—mind you don't lose it, WESTON; it's worth twenty shillings. And if you take my tip you'll put it all on Lady Skinflint—don't you think that as it's rather important—

Weston. Thank you, Sir. I believe, Sir, her ladyship is playing bridge in the boudwaw. But I will make inquiries. What name shall I say?

Mr. R. D. Really, WESTON, you've a shocking bad memory. Mr. RONALD DALRYMPLE.

Weston. I'm shaw, Sir, I beg your pardon. It's so long since we have had the pleasure. May I venture to ask, Sir, do you play?

Mr. R. D. Play, WESTON, me play? Why, God bless my soul, man, I do nothing else. It's my living—at least it used to be. Have you forgotten that, too?

Weston. Why, of course, Sir. The pianoforte, you mean, at our musical swarrys. Music—all swarrys they are now, Sir. But I was referring to bridge. Her ladyship, I happen to know, 'as bin disappointed of a fourth

this afternoon owing to an unexpected event, so that it occurs to me that perhaps her ladyship might prefer you to dummy.

Mr. R. D. WESTON, you're a jewel! Of course I play bridge. If you get me into that boudwaw, WESTON, all that I have shall be thine, even unto the half of my winlings. Lead on, Macduff.

Weston. This way, Sir.

Mr. R. D. Right you are, WESTON. I say, WESTON.

Weston. Sir?

Mr. R. D. You couldn't let me have that sovereign back, could you? The fact is, I've left my purse on the piano, and if we are

to share the plunder I must have some capital. I can't sit down to play bridge with—let me see—with four and twopence. Now can I, WESTON?

Weston. Certainly, Sir. Lady Skinflint, I think you said, Sir?

Mr. R. D. Put your shirt on her, WESTON. It's a certain tip. Thank you, WESTON.

Weston. Thank you, Sir. Mr. RONALD DALRYMPLE!

Lady Skimper. Mr. DALRYMPLE! How quite too delightful! Where have you been all these years? You're just in time to save me from cutting *somebody's* throat. Of all the disgustin' games—Let me see. You know Mr. ZANCOW, Miss DOROTHEA LIGHTFOOT, Mr. DALRYMPLE. You'll play, of course?

Mr. R. D. Delighted, Lady SKIN—Lady SKIMPER.

Miss Dolly Lightfoot. Now where have I seen you, Mr. DALRYMPLE? I never forget faces.

Mr. R. D. At the Melodion, was it?

Miss D. L. Why, of course. Did a little sketch, didn't you, last year? Seen my new dance?

Mr. R. D. Quite charming. I don't know which turn is the more original—yours with your feet, or Mr. ZANCOW's with his head.

Lady S. Deevy, I call them both. And so—er—elevating. Shall we cut?

Miss D. L. Yes, let's. I wish I'd got your head instead of my feet, ZANKY. Coining money, ain't you, dear boy? We poor musicians—Well, if it wasn't for bridge—You and me, ZANKY. My deal,

Weston. The Duchess of DUBLIN! Lady JANE LIFFEY!

Lady S. My dear Duchess! And JANE! How too sweet of you to come after all! Well? I'm dying to hear. Is darling HARRIET—

The Duchess. Oh, she's all right. Those inconsiderate people always are. And—if you'll believe me—another!

Lady S. Not another girl?

The Duchess. Fact! It's really most annoying of her. What's she for, I'd like to know. Well, how're we goin' to play? Cut out?

Lady S. No, no. You and darling JANE must play. Let me present Miss DOROTHEA LIGHTFOOT, Mr. ZANCOW. I want to talk to Mr. DALRYMPLE. Mind you don't let Mr. ZANCOW read your thoughts.

The Duchess. Is it the Mr. ZANCOW?

Lady Jane. Of course, Mamma. Don't you recognise him?

The Duchess. Oh, really! Well, mind you cut me, Mr. ZANCOW.

Lady S. Now, Mr. DALRYMPLE, come and sit over here. We'll cut in the next rubber. Now, tell me. I want to hear all your news.

Where have you been hiding? You've quite deserted me. I suppose you're dreadfully busy. Bin playing a lot?

Mr. R. D. Well, no; no, not a lot. Fact is, you know, what with motors and bridge—

Lady S. Oh, but I always thought you were so industrious. You used to have so many engagements. But you young people are all the same, always amusin' yourselves. But of course a car is one of the necessities of life, isn't it? Though they are more worry than they are worth. We've got to get a new one, and SKIMPER is so tiresome. Have you heard of one called the Electrolite?

Mr. R. D. Er—no, I'm afraid I haven't.

Lady S. No more has anyone. Just what I told SKIMPER. And he will insist. By the way, what's yours?

Mr. R. D. Oh, mine—I haven't got one. I didn't mean I'd been motoring. I meant—other people.

Lady S. Oh, other people. Yes? I don't quite—

Mr. R. D. Look here, Lady SKIMPER, I don't want to bore you, but the fact is—the fact is I'm stony broke.

Lady S. Really? How very distressin'. But I thought—you play so beautifully.

Mr. R. D. So people used to tell me. But no one wants to hear me nowadays. Of course I used to have





### TRIALS OF A FISHERMAN.—NO. 4.

*Extracts from the Diary of a beginner.*—"TOOK ONE BANK OF SALMON RIVER IN SCOTLAND, £150 FOR THE MONTH. AGENTS MADE STRONG POINT THAT OWNER OF OTHER SIDE WAS NOT A SPORTSMAN AND NEVER FISHED THE RIVER." (Later entry) "OWNER OF OTHER SIDE IS NOT A SPORTSMAN, BUT AN ARDENT SUPPORTER OF THE ACCESS TO MOUNTAINS BILL."

more than I could do. You were always so kind, and the BISHOPSONS, and Lady TUBAL, and heaps of people. But now you none of you want me. And what am I to do? I cannot dig, and to beg I— Well, really, I'm getting to the point when I don't think I am.

Lady S. But can't something be done? Of course things are different. London life is changed, isn't it? People don't care for music like they used to, do they? And one must try to please one's friends, mustn't one? And of course bridge and motoring—in a way you know it is a good thing, getting out into the country,—the simple life and all that. But still—I know. You must give a concert. And I'll get everyone to take tickets. Isn't that a brilliant idea? By the way, though, didn't you have one?

Mr. R. D. Yes, I've tried that, year before last. There were five others the same day, including MISCHA ELMAN. And I netted fourteen pounds odd. More odd than pleasing, wasn't it? Well, I must be off now, Lady SKIMPER. And forgive me for growling.

Lady S. Well, but wait, Mr. DAL-

RYMPLE. It seems such a pity. Personally, you know, I adore music; but other people—you know.

Mr. R. D. Yes, I know.

Lady S. What they want, you know, is—Miss LIGHTFOOT and Mr. ZANCOW, and so on. People from the music-halls. In fact I've got a little party myself next week, and I've got several of them coming. That's why they are here. You see? Now if you could only do something of that sort, performing poodles or a tight-rope or something. But I'm afraid that's not in your line, is it?

Mr. R. D. Well, no, not exactly. But I—point of fact, I was at a music-hall last year. Sort of CORNEY GRAIN business, you know.

Lady S. Oh, but how delightful! Why didn't you tell me? Was that what Miss LIGHTFOOT and you were talking about? I didn't grasp it. Well, then, can you come? Next Thursday? And may I say you come from the Halls? Splendid! Thank you so much. Well, then—if you really must go, I'll go and see if the Duchess is cheating. Good-bye.

Mr. R. D. Thank you, WESTON.

Here's your sovereign, with many thanks, and four shillings interest. No, not a cab, thanks. If you would kindly call a bus. I have twopence. And remember, WESTON, put it all on Lady SKIMPER—Lady SKINFLINT, I mean. She's a cert. *Au revoir*, WESTON.

#### Setting the Limit.

"Come to Worcester Park, and live ten years longer."—*Wimbledon Borough News*.

#### Mrs. Grundy in the Hen Run.

"Fowlhouse (sectional) wanted; small size."—*South Wales Echo*.

We beg to call the attention of the Manchester Watch Committee to this welcome reform.

#### Commercial Candour.

On the window of an Oxford cycle shop:—

"USE —'S CYCLE LAMPS,  
WOT GO OUT."

Advt. of Old Clothes Purchaser:—

"Cash for parcels remitted some day."  
*Hastings Observer*.

From a Publisher's Catalogue:—  
*The Kiss of Helen*—2nd impression.

## IN PRAISE OF A DOG.

It has recently been my misfortune to lose one of the best friends that any man could hope to have. This was Rufus, a brown spaniel, who for more than fourteen years has shared my lot, making it pleasant with his faithful and unquestioning affection. Some years ago in these columns I recorded his living virtues in verse. It seems fitting, now that he has taken his place among the shadowy hounds who await their masters by Charon's farther landing-place, that I should dedicate a few words of prose to his memory.

I saw him first nearly fifteen years ago. He was then, at a guess, something more than two years old, a full-grown dog, very lively, very vigorous and very impulsive in the pursuit of sport. His residence at that time was a kennel, to which he was attached by a detested and circumscribing chain, and my first memory recalls him as he pranced and pirouetted on the approach of his owner, barking in anticipation of his release and winding himself more and more hopelessly in his

shackles. After the first mad excitement of his liberty, and after hurling himself frantically against the legs of everyone present, he began to cool down and prepare himself for the duties of the day. He was solemnly bent on business, but now and then, as we marched to our place for the first partridge drive, he would spare a moment for the making of friendships with those whom he accompanied. During the drive he stood solidly enough at his owner's heels. When it was over he launched himself like a furry thunderbolt into the surrounding country and collected, not merely those birds that might justly be considered his own, but all the rest that came within range of his nose. These he stacked in a feathered pyramid close to his owner, and then, panting but triumphant, sat down beside them, and glared and growled at any rash stranger who, deluded by his former advances, presumed to come too near him. It was this combination of a ridiculous ferocity with an almost furious good nature that attracted me to him. I struck a bargain with his owner, and not long afterwards Rufus became an inmate of my house.

From that moment he knew no more of chains and kennels. He had the range of the rooms and the garden in unrestricted freedom. I think he appreciated the change. Somewhere in his doggy heart he knew that he had been manumitted, and he attached himself with a passionate and unreasoning devotion to his liberator. He acknowledged, no doubt, that there were other male human beings in the world, beings who too frequently tripped over him or trod upon him and called him a fool, but he had determined, so far as it was possible, to disregard them in order to exalt the more

highly the greatness and the virtues of the beloved master whose shadow he wished to be. With ladies his behaviour showed a tolerant but blundering deference. Though he never failed to couch himself upon the skirts of their dresses—and he did this with a particular insistence when he was very wet and muddy—he never admitted them fully to the recesses of his friendship. There seemed to be a natural antipathy between their orderly tempers and the animal spirits that prompted him to upset small tables and to disarrange rugs. Often, though he might be guiltless of wrong, he assumed a stubborn hang-dog air at the mere sight of a woman. As for children, he was firmly convinced that they were a sort of dog with whom jealousy was out of place. He would spend hours in gambolling with them, but he never stooped to obey their orders.

As he advanced in age and lost his abundant vigour he seemed to grow even more faithful and affectionate to the one man whom his heart had chosen as being suited for esteem and loyalty. It became a misery to him to be deprived of his master's presence, and until I returned

to him he suffered life rather than enjoyed it. His eyes lost their brightness with the years; he became very deaf, but he knew the hand of his master, and his stumpy tail wagged frantically when that hand was placed upon his head.

His final illness was mercifully short, and he was soothed and cheered to the last by those whom he had never willingly offended, and, not least, by the master whose life he had rendered happier by his service and his love.



## THE REVIVAL OF A DYING ART.

NEW CLASS FOR SCREEVERS (PAVEMENT ARTISTS) IN THE L.C.C. SCHOOL OF ARTS AND CRAFTS.

"Suddenly thousands of lamps and lamplets leaped into lustrous life as by the waving of a magician's wand. The process of illuminating was instantaneous. All at once a flash of radiance shot out, as lightning might; now one ship, now another, standing out in fiery outline against the many-hued sky. An iridescent glow of dazzling splendour was shed and spread upon the surface of the wrinkled waters."—*Daily Telegraph*.

Isn't it beyeaautiful?

From a *Daily Express* poster:—

"THE SHAH MISSING.  
DRAMATIC SCENE AT THE OAKS."

After all, the old firms are the safest to deal with, even if you don't get quite such long odds.

## Football Fixtures.

(In view of the present isolation of two well-known Clubs.)

Tottenham Hotspur v. Queen's Park Rangers (1st and 3rd Saturdays).

Hotspur Park v. Tottenham Rangers (2nd Wednesdays).

Hot Pangers v. Queen's Totspurs (Mondays).

Toggers v. Queeppenham (Charity Match).

Rotten Sparkers v. Quaggers (Cup Final).



## OUR LOCAL PARADE.

Emily (our village "grande dame"). "Oh, SARAH, ISN'T THIS LOVELY?"  
 Sarah. "YES, EMILY; AND DOESN'T IT REMIND YOU OF ASCOT?"

## RUSTICUS IN URBE.

[Impressions of a Provincial on one of his rare visits to the Metropolis.]

I stood in London in the roaring Strand,  
 Hoping, with luck, to dodge a motor 'bus;  
 And Life's tumultuous tide on every hand,  
 While I stood trembling thus,  
 Rolled by as though it hardly cared a cuss.

"Thus, then, does London welcome me!" I cried  
 (Missing a hansom by an inch or so);  
 "Beneath those grinding wheels I might have died,  
 And London lets me go  
 As callously as if she didn't know."

That there is something rotten in her state  
 All thoughtful individuals must agree;  
 This noisy rush of traffic ought to wait,  
 Not, like a restless sea,  
 Career along, and pay no heed to me.

London, in fact, is too conceited; there  
 I put my finger on her weakest spot;  
 She seems to fancy that she needn't care  
 Whether I come or not;  
 She tries to think it nothing—it's a lot.

Yes, London's too conceited. She is hoarse  
 With shouting boastfully of what she's done;  
 She thinks herself the Empire, but, of course,  
 England has many a son  
 Who rarely shines in London—me, for one,

She wants a teacher who would make her learn  
 To know her proper place (it's time she knew).  
 But where, for such a type, is she to turn?  
 Great men are very few,  
 And I am leaving in a day or two.

## THE SHADOW CAST BEFORE.

A BROILING sun glared from a cloudless June sky as I saw my honoured friend, the Editor of a famous photographic weekly, hurrying down the Strand attired in a thick fur coat with the collar turned up. For the moment I thought his reason unhinged; or else that he had joined the Manchester Watch Committee.

"Pardon me," I said gently, "but aren't you a little overdressed for the time of year?"

"Don't you worry," he answered; "I'm only trying to work myself into a wintry frame of mind. The fact is, I'm on my way to give the finishing touch to our forthcoming Special Christmas Number."

"As a dispenser of gloom in depressed times we can recommend nothing better than a visit to witness this amusing play."

*The Pretoria Chronicle.*

The editor takes too pessimistic a view of his mission.

"Knox played for England v. South Africa, when his face turned Gordon White."—*The By the Way Book.*

*The Bristol Evening News* improves on this with a mis-quotation—face for pace.



## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

NEXT time I go to Devonshire I shall expect to see cottages placarded somewhat to the following effect: "Notice to authors. Fishing among these peasants is strictly preserved. Apply to Mr. EDEN PHILLPOTTS." Otherwise two Devonshire novels will appear simultaneously some fine day, with exactly the same characters and stories in them, and then there will be a row. But there must always be a welcome for a book by Miss WILLCOCKS. *A Man of Genius* (JOHN LANE) deals with the old conflict between the intellectual and the more earthly types of love, and it is a very fine book on the psychological side. But if anything it is even finer Devonshire. There is never a trace of unreality in the speeches and emotions of *Thyrza*, the country girl who becomes the wife of *Ambrose Velly*, architect. *Ambrose* is also loved by *Damaris Westaway*, the Rector's daughter, an idealist, who gives him up because she finds out that her rival has established the one insuperable claim. Afterwards *Ambrose* sees the mistake of his choice, and *Thyrza*, overhearing his avowal of it, runs away; but *Damaris* comes to the rescue, and the wife returns to her husband. Miss WILLCOCKS's methods are philosophical and poetical by turns, but the realism of her dialogues never suffers at all. There is no excuse for not reading *A Man of Genius* and making a short stay in the "seventh Devon of delight."

MADAME ALBANESI calls *Drusilla's Point of View* (HURST and BLACKETT) "a little story of love," and I congratulate her not only on the book but also on her description of it. Most of the characters in this modest, rather old-fashioned novel are rich, amiable people, and there is nothing alarming about the "point of view." *Drusilla*, I feel sure, had never heard of Women's Rights, for the only one she insisted upon was the right to flirt, and that she exercised widely. At first, when I found *Brian Keston* arranging a priceless library, my mind flew back to Miss SINCLAIR's *The Divine Fire*, and I began to wonder if we were to have another young librarian as a hero. But *Keston* develops in a way which is scarcely heroic; he was altogether too patient, and would have been more interesting if he had occasionally lost his temper. MADAME ALBANESI has succeeded in getting a flavour of comfort into her book, and *Lord Carlingford* is the most human nobleman I have discovered lately in fiction. Although she writes of millions, she treats wealth with an easy hand that leaves no thumb-mark of vulgarity.

Except that they prefer Meeting to Church, and Peace

to War, the Quaker ladies that I have the pleasure of knowing seem to me to dress and talk and eat and drink very much like ordinary folk. *Dean's Hall* (MURRAY) takes us back to the days when they believed in the powers of witchcraft and looked upon ribbons and laces and laughter and other such fripperies as the invention of the devil. Those were stern times, when a reputed witch could expect little mercy at the hands of our rude forefathers, even if they belonged to the Established Church, and still less in a community consisting chiefly of small Quaker farmers. In the particular dale which is the scene of Miss MAUDE GOLDRING's story lived an unfortunate wise woman who, chiefly because of her skill in the use of simples, was looked upon with superstitious dislike by the Society of Friends as the author of all their little misfortunes. If their children or their cattle fell ill, or their young men and maidens were so

abandoned as to fall in love with anyone outside the charmed circle of their own faith, it was always because they had been "overlooked" by the witch, and at last, in a fit of frenzied fanaticism, they rose up and drowned her. That is the darker side of the life described by Miss GOLDRING, the contemplation of which was, in my own case, considerably brightened by a complacent feeling of my superiority to these "bygone worthies of a purblind age." I don't burn witches. I pay them a guinea to tell my fortune. Others, less pharisaically inclined than I, will find the requisite relief in the rather sad but happily-ending love-story which is skilfully blended with this dramatic account, based on fact, of the Wise Woman of Littondale.



Mistress. "JANE, THAT'S ANOTHER WINE-GLASS YOU'VE BROKEN! HOW DID IT HAPPEN?"

Jane (cheerfully). "DON'T KNOW, I'M SURE; BUT I ALLUS WIPES THEM LITTLE THINGS OFF THEIR STALKS."

Mr. GEORGE ADE's *The Slim Princess* (GAY and HANCOCK) may be good enough for American consumption, but was hardly worth offering to English readers. Mr. ADE is a patriot. He supplies the newest slang for the teeming millions of the States. Those picturesque turns of phrase which fall with such apparent spontaneity from the lips of his countrymen in our midst, and add so rich and exotic a colour to our insular existence, are his invention, the work of patient hours beneath the midnight lamp. But in any other language his humour is not of the highest. His story, for which he has found a capital motive in the traditions of an Oriental country where adipose deposit is the measure of female charm, is dull enough reading till he introduces a young American trained in the author's own school of diction. Then it becomes passably funny for those who care about that kind of thing.

I should of course be sorry to underrate the virtues of American slang. It is the poetry of a pioneer race, the medium in which a fresh ingenuous imagination elects to become articulate. But the best humour, like the best poetry, does not need to depend upon local tricks of speech or imagery.